

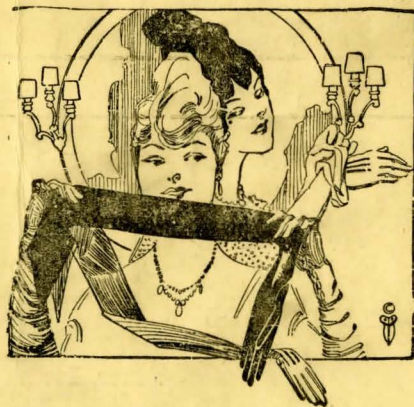
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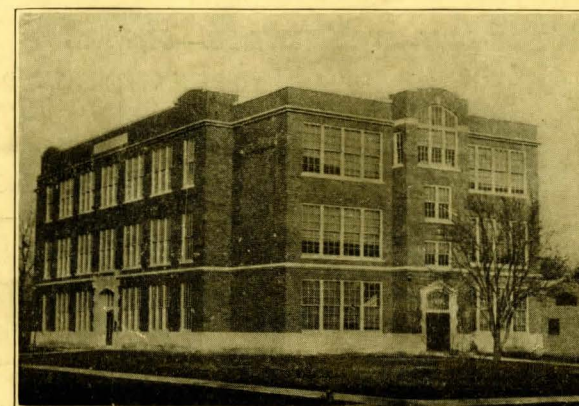
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Ames High School

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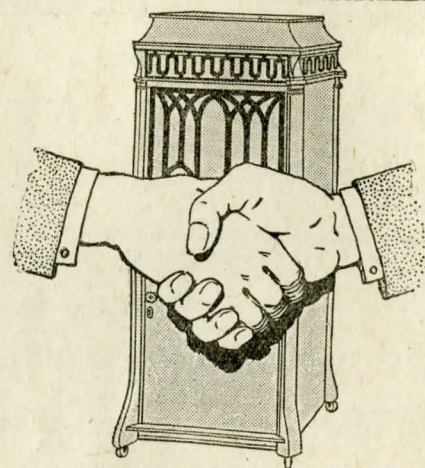
When?

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THE SPIRIT

VOL. 9

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

NO. 9

75c a Year

FEBRUARY 13, 1920

10c a Copy

LITERARY EDITION

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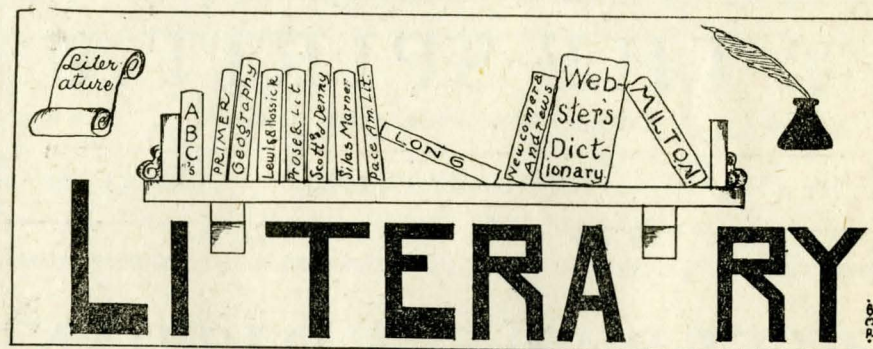
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ONE ACT PLAYS

FIRST PRIZE

Sight Unseen.

Time—The evening of a very cold day.

Place—Scene 1—The home of Benny, our hero.

Scene 2—A refreshment parlor—a very "swell" place.

Scene 3—Benny's home again.

Characters—Benny, the dashing young hero about seventeen years old. He is very handsome and quite a favorite with the ladies.

—Benny's ma, a nice jolly old lady. Quite stylish and very stunning.

—Benny's Dad, a big brother to Benny. Very funny and interesting because of his facial expression. He possesses an unusual pair of lungs, very evident when he hears something funny.

—Wheatena Korndorffer, the "rural belle". Very clumsy and chunky, is red-faced and awkward. Her dress which is rather short is made of homespun (or something of the like). She wears big stiff bows on her hair, or if preferred she may wear her hair done up in a very simple and extremely tight knot.

—Waiters and other people.

Scene I.

Curtain rises on Benny getting ready for his 'date'. with the "new girl at Hanson's."

Benny—Ma-ma! is my tie alright? Have I a rooster-tail back here? (Bends over toward his mother for her to look, all the while stroking the back of his head.) Look ma! Do I look all right—Why don't you say something? Do you want me to go out looking like a rummage sale?

Ma—Give me a chance, please, to say something. You look as if you were to be best man at a wedding now, and if you don't stop rubbing the back of your head you'll rub the hair off. Just look at dad's head. He had the same fault when I married him and he never stopped rubbing his head till the hair came out.

Dad—(looking up from paper he has been reading) Were you talking about my head? it's a perfectly good one. Don't know what I'd do without it—hair or no hair.

(All this time young Benny has been fixing and re-fixing, patting and re-patting himself.)

Benny—Oh gee, can't just imagine how that new Korndorffer will look? I'm mighty glad Mrs. Hanson asked me to come and meet her. I know she will have lovely rosy cheeks and dimples and beautiful curly hair and—oh! such an innocent way about her. She will look at me out of her baby blue eyes and ask some innocent question that no girl in this place would ever think of. I'm going to be her young hero—I shall bow (makes a wonderful one) and doff my cap (takes of imaginary cap) and be so attentive!

Dad—For heaven's sake, son! Don't go plumb silly over a girl you've never seen!

Ma—Just where did you hear so much about this Miss Corn—cob or what's her name? You've never seen her have you, Benny?

Dad—Naw, Benny's in love with an imaginary rural belle who he thinks will be the fresh bloomed rose among a lot of seedy flowers. I'll bet my shoes that she'll stutter and walk pigeon toed and frizz her hair on

hairpins and use bay rum for perfume and—

Benny—Aw shut up, dad, you have queer ideas about girls of today. I'll bet she will be a graceful daughter of the soil that swings along with an easy stride and—well, I can't explain how she'll look, exactly, but you know what I mean.

Ma—(lets out an awful laugh—she bends over to laugh, and oh, she's worse than a school girl).

Dad—Now what's up?

Ma—Ha-ha-ha-I just thought of a song we used to sing when I was a girl. I thought of it when our handsome son was standing before the mirror there. The words go like this.

(Benny is rather taken back while his dad roars with laughter. Benny looks at his watch, then rushes for his coat and hat. As he slams the door he calls back)

Benny—Good bye, ma—good bye, pa. Your youthful son goes forth to woo a rural beauty.

Dad—(shakes his head, then laughs. He looks at ma, then both laugh) I'll bet he'll get his feathers dampened before eleven o'clock. I'd like to stay up and see what he will have to say. Will you stay up, mother?

Ma—Oh, it's not very nice of us old folks to stay up just to see Benny come home disappointed for I'm sure he won't find the girl he's planning on, but—(she laughs) I'll stay up.

(They both laugh heartily then return to their reading while the curtain falls.)

Scene II

Curtain rises on several couples seated at small tables in a fashionable refreshment parlor. Benny and Wheatena come in, look around and discovering no empty tables near the wall have to take one in the center of the room, much to Benny's embarrassment. Wheatena is ill at ease too but tries to hide her unrest by twisting her legs around those of the table and by placing her big red elbows on the marble topped table and appearing at home.

The other patrons notice their entrance and stare in a most improper manner, then turn to each other and smile. Some people nearly disgrace themselves by letting out an unexpected titter. Poor Benny—He's so fussed.

A very dignified waiter approaches them for their order. He bends low so he can catch their order without any necessity of his patrons raising their voices. Wheatena thinks he's deaf so gives her order very distinctly.

Wheatena—A bottle of strawberry pop, please—and two straws, one for him (points at Benny) and one for me.

(Every one present gives a surprised howl much to Benny's discomfort. The waiter seems about to explode and hurries away. Benny calls him back and gives an order for some fancy sweets.)

Wheatena—Gee, this is shore a nice store ain't it? Do you always come in here? Gee, I wish my pa and ma could see me now and I wish Bill Jones could see me. He'd turn green with envy.

(Another obliging waiter puts a record on the Edison to try and subdue the effect of this strange country cousin.)

Wheatena—(above the music) An' music too! Why, this here's a reg'lar up-to-date place, ain't it? Just like them they have in movin' pictures. Gee, I'm glad you brought me here. Why it's the opportunity of a life time, ain't it? (he looks around all this time. She sees the waiter coming) Oh, here comes that deaf man again—and lookie what he's fetchin'!

(The "deaf" waiter returns bearing a tray upon which repose some fancy concoctions. Benny has no chance to talk. He is very uneasy and looks at his watch frequently, loosens his collar, mops his brow and does other like things to overcome his embarrassment.)

Wheatena—(after "eats" have been placed before her) Whew! ain't this swell? I'll bet they cost a lot didn't they. Gee, I'd hate to wash all these here dishes, wouldn't you? (She tastes her ice cream, then gives a smile of satisfaction) Um-m-this is awful good!

(Benny seems to have lost his appetite and gazes anxiously around the room)

Benny—Oh say, you have to be home by ten-thirty, don't you?

Wheatena—Uh-huh, ma says I couldn't come back no more if I didn't get in by ten-thirty. Gee! (smaks her lips) this is good. (Benny takes out his watch and turns it ahead)

Benny (to himself) There! ! I'll bet I get this corn fed nut out of here in a hurry!

Wheatena—What you lookin' at? Your watch? Why it ain't time to go yet is it? Why you ain't et your ice cream yet!

Benny—No, I'm not hungry. Besides, it's nearly ten-thirty now. I'm sorry (makes a face) but we will have to go.

Wheatena looks as if she were going to weep. Benny calls the waiter and orders a taxi.)

Wheatena—What? Are we goin' home in one of them bus-things we came down in? Oh goody! that's fun!

Benny helps her on with her coat and they depart. Many pairs of eyes follow them.

Curtain.

Scene III

Benny arrives home to find his father and mother both asleep in their chairs. He tiptoes around taking off his hat and coat. As he heads for the stairs he falls over his dad's shoe. The two sleepers wake up.

Dad—Ugh—oh! that you son? Well, how did you find your new girl, Did you fall in love 'n everything? Come on and tell us about it. (Benny starts to leave for bed) Hey—wait a minute! What's the matter—something wrong?

Benny—(from doorway) Nothin' wrong. Why? Ain't you comin' to bed?

Dad—Come on back and tell us about your evening out, son.

Benny comes back very slowly and stands with his hands in his pockets and his head down. Finally he tells in a manner most heart-rending.)

Benny—Oh rats! When I first laid eyes on her I nearly fainted. She was a perfect fright! And talk—my heavens—I don't believe she's opened her mouth for a week. She must have saved all o' her gab up for tonite. In the show she sat and sucked her thumb and hollered and howled every time anything exciting happened! I felt like two cents or less! She acted worse than any "Sis Hopkins" in the movies and looked greener than any "prep" you ever saw. I don't see how Mrs. Hanson can stand to have such an animal around! ! And furthermore her name is Wheatena. (Dad explodes at this point) Well, laugh. It isn't any laughing matter to me. My social ca-

reer is ruined and Mae Pennington won't ever speak to me again. I wish I was dead.

Ma—No, you don't. (She gets up and goes over to Benny.) Come on, let's go to bed. Things will straighten out over night I know.

(Benny goes off first. Dad looks at ma, then laughs. She puts her hand over her mouth.)

Ma—Shame on you! Poor fellow. I'll bet he feels worse than you did the night you spilled gravy all down your shirt front at the Bankers' Banquet.

Curtain.

—Neva Spence '21.

THE DEBT Second prize

Persons

The young man—A writer.

The wanderer.

Place

The Young Man's study.

Time

The present century.

The study is a medium sized room, well and comfortably furnished. In the center of the room is a large table, upon which is placed a study lamp. The table is covered with a litter of papers and a few books. At one end of the room is a spacious fireplace. A large, luxurious divan is drawn in front of the hearth. On the divan is seated a young man about thirty-five years of age, his body slid forward in a lounging position and his feet, clad in soft slippers, presented to the blaze. He is smoking a briar pipe and is deep in thought. His face is refined and scholarly but cynical. As he is gazing into the fire the bells clangs loudly. He advanced to open the door and admits a young man about his own age, handsome and somewhat aristocratic but sordid and unkempt thru dissipation.

The Young Man (turning pale with amazement) What! You?

The Wanderer—(mockingly) Yes! Me! ! (with tense emphasis on the latter word. He takes a seat near the fire, uninvited.)

The Young Man—(falls dazedly into a chair on the opposite side of the fire, loquiter) You, of all persons! Where have you been these ten years?

The Wanderer—(impatiently and abrupt-

ly) Thru ten years of an earth worse than hell. Ten years of years! Dissipation my only occupation. No ideals, no hopes. And now, a worthless derelict. All because of YOU. (The Young Man gazes, smiling cynically into the fire)

The Young Man—Ideals, hopes—mere vanities, shells.

The Wanderer (excitedly) Because of that very creed am I what I am. Ten years ago, when both of us had finished school, I, because of lack of money, cast off by the girl I loved, adored, came to you for comfort and advice. That was the advice you gave me. Maddened by grief, my soul permeated with your cynicism, I plunged into a maelstrom of dissipation. After ten years of that, see what I am: a human wreck. And now, I've come for settlement. You, sending me to ruin by your heartless counsel, shall pay. (pulls pistol from pocket) You shall suffer now the torture I have suffered for ten years.

The Young Man—(thoughtfully) I have done wrong, I have been mistaken, but I have suffered. You would not shoot me like a dog, would you?

The Wanderer—(doggedly) Give me back my ideals and you can keep your life, but you ruined me and you shall pay! (frenziedly)

Pause—The Young Man sinks into deeper meditation.

The Young Man—(abstractedly) Oh! what is death? Life I fear as much as death. To die is but an end of misery. I crave it more than life.

The Wanderer—(surprised) Ah! You too have suffered. A woman?

The Young Man—Yes, a woman came into my life. I loved her, but my love was an empty thing, like my life. I saw a change in her, but did not realize it then. She became infected with the same fatal cynicism that I, myself, exhaled with every breath. Seeing my love an empty thing, her life became a hollow mockery of what it had once been. Her life was ruined. Her castles were dust.

The Wanderer—(softened, but still vindictive) Yes, you have suffered but still you owe me a debt. (toys with pistol)

The Young Man—(sinks still further in chair, seemingly half asleep and with an ex-

pression of great sadness and sorrow upon his face.) I see my mistakes, the whole mirror of my mocking, useless life. I see now, when too late, that ideals are living, breathing things. Oh! the superfluity of my life!

The Wanderer—(touched, lets fall pistol and relaxes) You have paid!

The Young Man—(softly) My eyes have been opened.

Slow curtain.

—Robert Murray '21.

DOLLARS AND CENTS First Honorable Mention

Cast

Mr. Hopkins, a working man.

Mrs. Hopkins, his wife.

Mary Ann Hopkins, their daughter.

Conrad J. Perkins, Mary's devoted suitor.

Mr. C. D. Butler, another working man.

Mrs. C. D. Butler, wife of Mr. Butler.

Richard Butler, their son.

Catherine Simpson, Richard's sweetheart.

Time

Yesterday, today, or tomorrow, whichever you prefer. The place is the home of any working man.

Scene I

The scene is laid in the Hopkins home. There is a door at the right and also one opposite at the left. These doors open into a large living room which is clean and neat but not elaborately decorated. A piano and bench are situated in one corner and a couch at the front and left. There are two or three chairs in the room.

Mary Hopkins is seated on the piano bench letting her fingers run over the keys and she is in deep thought. Her suitor and lover is at her side pretending to read a magazine.

Mary—(suddenly and without warning she turns toward Conrad and says decidedly) I won't.

Conrad — (Startled by this sudden outburst drops his magazine and nearly falls off of piano bench) You—you won't what?

Mary—You know too well what I mean. If you cared enough for me you would try to help me. (She says last in whimpering tone)

Conrad—Dear, please don't get peeved. How do I know what you won't and will do.

As for not caring for you, I would go to Hades if it would help you. (Romantically)

Mary—(Nearly crying) I didn't mean what I said, but you couldn't help me even tho I know you would.

Conrad—Please tell me what you won't do.

Mary—I won't marry him.

Conrad—(becoming alarmed) Who won't you marry?

Mary—I won't marry "Rich".

Conrad — Well, I advise you to marry while you're poor then.

Mary—I meant Richard Butler, who for short is called "Rich". Not because he's rich for he's poor as a church mouse, but because Richard is too long for a name for so unimportant a person.

Conrad—(becoming alarmed again) Who's going to make you marry that nut? Why he's as poor as—as—

Mary—(coily) You.

Conrad—(becoming embarrassed but recovers) Why he is a minus quantity in comparison with myself. I am an operator at the Western Union. That's more than you can say for "Rich."

Mary—Excuse me for what I said. I suppose I am rather peevish. The funny thing about the affair is that he doesn't want to marry me any more than I him.

Conrad—(becoming hot) Then why under the name of Jehovah do you marry him if he is unwilling also?

Mary—(desparingly) It's our unsympathetic elders who are doing the deciding; they're even picking out the ring. I'd give anything if I could get out of this affair.

Conrad—Dear, would you do anything if I pulled you out of this matchmaking business?

Mary—(solemnly) Yes, anything, but you'll have to hurry if you are going to help me as our beloved and democratic parents are going to stick their heads together tonight at 7:30 and decide the day for our marriage. Afterwards they are going to a benefit social which organization is raising funds to increase a use of free speech and independence among young men and women. That's worse than playing poker before going to church. (says this contemptuously).

Conrad—Do your parents know how you loath "Rich"?

Mary—They ought to know by this time as I told them I would swallow poison or do something equally as bad if they tried to force me into marrying that insect.

Conrad—And what did your parents say to that?

Mary—(indignantly) What did they say to that! Why they actually told me I am so dependent and of the clinging vine variety that if anyone with a little money and looks came along they would sure cop me without half trying. (Becomes very indignant and excited)

Conrad—Now, don't get excited, as you can depend on me to get you through without any scratches. I'll be up at 7:30 tonight. You just remember that I work at the Western Union, and you might receive a fake telegram. (Exit Conrad and scene closes with curtain.)

Scene II

Scene changes to home of the Butler family, the furnishings are nearly the same as the Hopkins, as they are both on the same social standing. (Richard is first seen pacing up and down the room looking very stormy in appearance and he is talking to himself. He is very indignant and excited over something and he says rather loudly) Dependent overgrown baby, am I! I'll show 'em.

Just then his best girl Catherine Simpson comes in, with his back to her while he is saying this. She thinks he is making remarks about her.

Catherine—(hautilly) You needn't cast any remarks about me while I'm around.

Richard—(turns around greatly surprised and confused) Why, what did I say?

Catherine — (beginning to weep) You called me an overgrown b-b-baby.

Richard—Why, dear, I mean Catherine, I wasn't talking about you at all. I must have been talking to myself. I was thinking about my beloved parents.

Catherine—(recovering) Why, what's the matter now?

Richard—They just told me today that they are going over to the Hopkins home tonight and make arrangements for our marriage. They are even going to select the ring for us and then let me pay the bill, also

they have chosen what necktie I should wear. They were generous enough to let me decide which suit I shall wear as I only have one.

Catherine—That's simply outrageous but you won't stay tied to their coat-tails any longer will you? I bet it's that Mary Ann Hopkins that's arranging this, she doesn't even own the clothes she's got on.

Richard—She hasn't enough money to keep her going for five minutes. If she had lots of money it wouldn't be so bad; and she's homlier than—than—

Catherine—I suppose you mean than myself but you are afraid to say so.

Richard—Catherine, I wouldn't think of comparing you two.

Catherine—(beaming) Do you really mean it?

Richard—I sure do. (desparingly) But this won't get us any place, can't you think of any way to get out of this? The peculiar think about this is that she doesn't want to marry me either.

Catherine—Do you mean to say that she doesn't want to marry you any more than you want to marry her??

Richard—That's exactly it. If I can't find a way out of this we'll elope and run off, won't we, dear.

Catherine—Well, I'll find a way out before tonight, just bear in mind I am a news reporter on the town paper. The paper is hard up for good exciting news. I'll hurry down now before the paper goes to press and put in some fake news.

Richard—But how will that help any? (without replying Catherine goes out hurriedly and Rich falls into a chair as tho all hope is lost.)

Curtain

Scene III

Scene changes back to the Hopkins home and the only difference is that it is night instead of day. When the scene opens Mr. Hopkins enters the room, takes a chair, and then surveys the room as tho he were looking for something. He is middle aged, rather grouchy in appearance, and his clothes are not very neat, and he does not find what he wants so he calls out into another room "Ma, go get the paper". There is unbroken silence. "Ma, go get the paper." (says this impatiently)

Mrs. Hopkins—(she is not to be seen) Go get it yourself. Can't you ever realize that you are not the only boss in this house? (she comes into the room looking neat and tidy, and begins dusting things in the room while talking) I think it's terrible the way we are made slaves, you never heard of Mary Ann having to do anything she didn't want to, she's so ungrateful after all the trouble we've had deciding and arranging who she shall marry, she ought to thank us for taking all the bother ourselves. Oh yes, the Butlers are coming over pretty soon and help decide when the wedding will take place (All the time she has been talking he appears as tho he is dreaming. She begins dusting his chair and says) Get up while I clean that chair.

Mr. Hopkins—It's not dirty and I'm comfortable.

Mrs. Hopkins — (commandingly) John Henry Hopkins, will I have to tell you again to get out of that chair! (He gets up reluctantly while she dusts the chair. while dusting the chair she says) No, you never heard me make Mary Ann or anybody else do anything they didn't want to. I always did and always will believe that you are the boss of this house.

(Mary enters the room looking rather sullen and gloomy, just then the door bell rings)

Mrs. H.—Go to the door Mary and let them in.

(Mary turns with her back to her mother and stands still)

Mrs. H.—Mary Ann Melinda Hopkins, go to the door at once. (Mary goes to the door and lets the Butlers in)

Mr. H.—(Rising a little says) Good evening. (but sits down again as tho he were afraid he would lose the chair.)

Mrs. Butler—(while taking off her outside garments) Have you read the evening paper yet?

Mrs. Hopkins—No, we haven't seen it yet. John asked for the paper and I was just going to get it when you came. What's the matter? Has there been a murder or have eggs gone up?

Mrs. Butler—It's neither. Just read that column. (Mrs. Butler reads out loud.)

A large fortune amounting to a million dollars has been left to the Butlers of this

town by an old bachelor who it is said owns a large estate in England. The Butlers had not heard of it before, and they cannot remember of having any rich relative but they think it could be possible as they do not exchange news between their relatives only at intervals. (Richard seems to have a cough and he uses his handkerchief to hide his grin as he knows it is not true. When Mary hears that he is rich she at once becomes attentive and takes his coat and hat. He does not even look at her)

Mrs. Hopkins—That sounds like a fairy tale doesn't it? Are you sure it's true?

Mr. Butler—It sure is. The paper wouldn't waste a column to write nonsense. (Rich uses his handkerchief again to a good advantage)

Mrs. Hopkins—(jealously) Now, you can buy a new coat and all the eggs and meat you want. We never did have any luck.

Mr. Hopkins—(to Mr. Butler) I suppose you will get a car now? Is it going to be a Ford?

Mr. Butler—I am not sure whether it will be a Ford or a Packard, there isn't much difference, one is just a little more expensive, that's the only difference between the two (says this as tho he meant it) Maybe I'll let Richard run it after I've had it a couple of years.

Mrs. Hopkins—Let's hurry up and decide about our childrens' marriage and then let's go over to the social.

Mr. Hopkins—When will they be married, this year or next?

Richard—I think we'll not be married in any year.

Mrs. H.—What do you mean, Richard?

Mr. Butler—I'll speak for Richard. My wife and I have talked it over and we have decided that he should not be married yet as he is going to study in Europe. Later when he comes back we might reconsider our offer.

Mrs. Butler—Yes, we have decided that he should see more of the world before he settles down for good.

Mrs. H.—In other words you mean to say that just because you have some money you won't let your son marry my daughter. (This rather icily)

Richard—That's exactly it.

Mrs. Butler—Now, Richard, you know

that isn't so. We are just going to give him a chance to see everything he wants to before he marries anyone. (this as tho she were abused by the answer of Mrs. Hopkins. Just then a knock is heard. Mary immediately looks at the clock and is sure that it is Conrad. All the time the two families were talking together she has become quite alarmed because of fear that she might lose "Rich" and his money, mostly his money. She gets up and lets in Conrad who hands her a telegram and says)—A telegram for Mr. Hopkins, sign right here. (she signs for it and he winks at her and then leaves. She gives the telegram to him and Mr. H. reads it thru twice and then reads it out loud in an excited tone.)

We are sorry to inform you that nearly a million dollars was left you by your late uncle who dies accidentally. It is said that he swallowed a large diamond and consequently choked to death. He owns a large diamond field in South Africa. Particulars will be sent later.

All sit still for a minute as tho astonished. Mary emits something resembling a gurgle but turns her face. "Rich" becomes very attentive as she has money now.

Mrs. H.—It's nearly too good to be true.

Mr. Butler—Maybe it isn't true, how do you know?

Mr. H.—Well it's a W. U. telegram, and coming to think of it I do remember of having a distant relative who was digging for diamonds a few years back.

Mrs. H.—I can buy that new silk coat and hat, can't I, John.

Mr. Butler—I suppose you'll get a car too, isn't it odd that we both should have good luck on the same day?

Mrs. H.—I suppose you don't want to reconsider the arrangement we made do you, I really think Mary should see more of society.

Mr. B.—I have just been thinking the matter over and decided it was an unnecessary waste of money to send him abroad, he is gentlemanly enough for anybody. (Mary smiles every few minutes knowing all is a joke. Richard becomes very nice as money is his idol. He sidles over toward Mary and finally gets up and sits down by her and they look at each other approvingly)

A POSTPONED CELEBRATION

Second Honorable Mention

Cast

Helen

Harlon sisters.

Marie

Dick Harlon, their brother.

Alice, the girls' chum and Dick's girl friend.

Jim Vale, Dick's chum.

Scene I (The Harlon living room)

Helen and Marie a few days after Christmas, invoicing their gifts.

Helen—Aren't these chocolates good? It was so nice of Mr.—oh! I've forgotten his name, to send them and I only met him once. Isn't Christmas nice? You always get so many things.

Marie—Here are silk handkerchiefs, silk hose, more chocolates—excuse me, Helen, but this large box is mine, if you will notice the card is on the inside. (After carefully exchanging cards.)

Helen—And look at the two lovely valieres that I have. I guess I'll wear this little one with the pearls and spring this other one just after my birthday; and I won't wear it once before then, or tell a soul about it.

Marie—I do wish my birthday came right after Christmas like Alice's. I wonder what Dick will give her. I'm sure he must have spent a lot of money at Christmas time because I heard him trying to borrow some of mother this morning.

Enter Dick—Hello, Girls! Um-m-m-what nice chocolates. (Helping himself).

Marie—Dick—you shall not eat my candy.

Dick—Aw, please, just one more, girls. I can't understand why you are so selfish. Say, could either one of you girls loan me a little money?

Helen and Marie—I should say not!

Dick—But girls, next week is Alice's birthday and — oh, well — you girls know very well that you like to get birthday gifts.

Marie—Dick Harlon! Do you remember the money I loaned you about a year ago this time? Well, your credit is absolutely no good. Ask some of your friends.

Dick—Whew, this is some classy little chain, Helen. What are you going to do with it?

Helen—I'm going to hide it right in this drawer and not wear it until after my birth-

Both are fooled as each one thinks the other really possesses money.

Mr. Butler—Well, let's hurry and settle the date for their marriage.

Mrs. H.—There is no hurry as we have all year to decide. Let's go over and break the news to our friends.

Mrs. B.—The organization will not turn up their nose at what I give them. It will at least be 15 or 20 dollars. (this as tho it possessed same value as 15 or 20 thousand) While saying this they get ready to leave when Mr. B. says—Be a good boy now and be in the house and in bed at 9:30, dear.

(He turns up his nose and looks away from them)

Mrs. H.—Now, Mary, don't forget to wash your feet and say your prayers before going to bed (They go out leaving them alone.) Pause.

Rich—(in a bashful tone) Mary! (pause) Mary!

Mary—(innocently) What?

Rich—Don't you know that I have grown to like you awful well in the last few minutes. I always did like you but I was afraid you didn't like me.

Mary—Why, Richard Butler, you know that I always liked you, but I thought that you liked Catherine.

Rich—(moves closer) I never did like her, she even tried to get me out of this affair, but I wouldn't let her.

Mary—Conrad tried to get me out also but I sent him out of the house.

(There is a long pause as they sit still as tho thinking)

Mary—(sweetly) "Rich".

Rich—What?

Mary—You're going to be rich, aren't you?

Rich—Y-yes (long pause, he takes her hand) "Mary".

Mary—What?

Rich—You're going to marry me, aren't you?

Mary—Y-y-yes. (he embraces her)

Curtain

—Clarence Godard '21

"Pat, what is steam?" asked the examiner.

"Why, it's-er-er-why it's water tho'ts gone crazy with the heat."

day. I am going to wear this one—for a while.

(A knock—Dick goes to the door and returns with his chum Jim.)

Jim—Hello, everybody. (helping himself to candy) Say, whoever bought these chocolates certainly had good taste.

Marie—I think so myself; I believe you bought those Jim.

Jim—(helping himself to more) You girls are always so liberal; my own sisters never even offer me any.

(Dick eats rapidly)

Dick—I guess it takes political pull, Jim I never had any either until you came.

Marie—There, all of my things are put away. Do hurry, Helen, so we can go over to see Alice before we go to town.

Jim—You won't need to put this box away girls, it's empty now.

Helen—I'm ready, and remember, Marie, not one word about my other gift. (Girls put on wraps.)

Marie—Goodbye, boys.

Helen—Be good.

Dick—Say Jim, what can I do? Next week is Alice's birthday and I have to give her something and I haven't a cent. What shall I do?

Jim—I'd give it to you, old chap, but I'm broke. (Empties pockets)

Dick—By jove!

Jim—What?

Dick—Helen has put that necklace away that Aunt Cecelia gave her and is not going to wear it for ages or tell anyone about it. I'll bet Aunt wouldn't remember it anyway, and we won't see her for ages—I'll take it and by Helen's birthday I'll have some more money and then I'll apologize to Helen and get her another as nearly like it as possible.

Jim—But she'll miss it.

Dick—Oh, no! She put it in the drawer of my desk for safe keeping and I always carry the key. She'll never think of it unless some one makes her think of it, and of course that couldn't happen because no one will know.

Jim—Well, we can try anyway.

Dick—(Carefully wrapping up package). I'll just keep this myself for a week. Well, let's go up town.

(End of Scene I)

Scene II (Harlon living room)

Dick, Helen, and Marie, seated.

Girls—Come on, Dick, tell us, what did you give Alice?

Dick—I don't see why you are so inquisitive. I won't tell you. I'm sure you'd be envious.

Helen—Oh, no doubt! I, especially, have such a jealous disposition.

Dick—Hooray! There's the postman. I'll bet I get some money this morning. I do wish dad would come home soon. I don't like this salary business.

Marie—Here, Dickie, is your check. Don't spend it all. (A knock)

Dick—Come in!

Enter Jim—Hello, ladies. Did you get paid off today, Dick? I did. Let's have a little celebration today.

Dick—Fine.

Helen—(sarcastically) Dick is going to celebrate by taking down decorations and you can help, Jim.

Jim—(After a groan) At your service, madam.

Marie—I hear someone coming (going to window) It's Alice. Now, Dick, we'll find out about that present.

Dick and Jim—(step backward and grin sickly as Alice steps into the room)

Alice—Hello, Dick and Jim! Oh, girls, do see what I got for my birthday.

Marie—Isn't it pretty? Why I do declare it is almost like one Helen got for Christmas but is saving for awhile.

Helen—(giving Marie an angry glance for telling) Why it is! We'll find out. Say, Dick, where is the key to this drawer.

Dick—(frantically) I-I've lost it. I'll get one this afternoon.

Helen—You always lose keys at the most inconvenient times. But I'm sure, Alice, it is almost like mine.

Alice—Goodbye. I'm on my way to Mary's. Don't make the boys work too hard.

Helen—(after listening a few minutes for Alice to be gone) Dick, I want that key!

Dick—I-er-a-

Helen—No explanations, I understand and I want the key. (Dick hands her the key and she searches drawer) Just as I thought, you have stolen my gift from Aunt

"WHICH MAN"

By Marguerite Conner

Chapter V

"I'll find out what they're doing if I have to wait all night," thought Haveridge. He crept along stealthily in the shadows after the two. He hadn't much doubt but that the man was Clemency but could it be Cecelia with him? He was very much puzzled and his shoulder was beginning to pain again. His determination made him go on however, and he crept around the corner out of sight just as the pair opened the door of the little house and disappeared within.

Almost immediately a faint light flickered through the window. Haveridge crept up to it and looked in. The girl was indeed Cecelia, however, the man was not Clemency, but Robert O'Toole himself. Haveridge was greatly relieved but the situation was none the less mysterious.

"I just won't believe it," the girl was saying, "I know he isn't that kind of a man. Mr. Clemency is mistaken, that's all. I don't believe this outfit has been bothered since you left last fall. And anyway, how in the world would Mr. Haveridge find out about the "diamond crown," when nobody in the world knows about it but us four people and old Peter?"

"But, Cecelia, Clemency said he saw Haveridge signalling last night and we can hardly doubt his word."

"He lied to me this afternoon," said the girl vehemently, "and I'll not believe this unless I have to. Oh, there goes this light. Why didn't you bring your flash light?"

"Out of batteries," said Robert, his voice plainly troubled. "Well, we'll have to go. Can't do much without a light. I surely wish I——" his words became indistinct as they moved away.

Ralph clenched his hands. "So that's his game, is it? I might know that he wouldn't be away out here if not for some such purpose. But what the dickens is this "diamond crown"? Must be an heirloom. I've got to settle Mr. Clemency and from the looks of things I've got to do it quick."

Ralph had almost forgotten his wound in his eager planning but as he moved back toward the window of his room he realized that he must be careful. What had he bet-

Celia and you—Jim Vale—you knew all about this!

Marie—I wouldn't have believed it of you Dick. Nor you either, Jim.

Helen—Just give me the check you got this morning, Dick, and I'll get me a nicer one and give you back a little money.

Dick—But, Helen,—

Helen—(reaching for coat) Then I'm going to tell. Come on, Marie.

Jim—(to Dick, aside) You'd better do it. You'd better do it.

Dick—(giving the money to Helen) Here it is.

(The girls immediately put on wraps and depart for town without saying a word.)

Jim—I'm awful sorry.

Dick—So am I.

Together—The celebration is indefinitely postponed.

Curtain

—Lorena Cure.

TO THE YOUNG AMERICAN

Be strong of mind, and brave of heart;

Be square to the world—and true.

The tomorrow's history will bear your name,

And Old Glory's reknown will depend on you.

The world will have troubles and problems to solve,

As it has in the years gone before.

And you, my lad, will be called upon,

When the men of today are no more.

Oh, may the young folks of today

Carry on their work so well

That the voice of future history,

Nothing wrong will dare to tell.

—Myrna Gray '20

Whom Were They For?

The telephone to some persons is still an unsolvable riddle. A Teuton called a feed store.

"I want two bags oats," he demanded.

"All right. Who is it?"

"Id's me," was the indignant reply.

"Well, who are the oats for?"

"For der horse, don'd you get so free!" replied the wrathful would-be customer.

ter do tonight? Should he carry out the bold plan which had been forming in his mind since he had heard the conversation in the wireless house? Yes, he would do it. Tomorrow might be too late and he was certain that he had the main facts of the case "doped out." Then came another idea and he turned and made his way to his old room in the coach house. Going to the table he took something from the drawer and slipped it into his pocket.

Chapter VI

Ralph slipped back toward the house, watching the windows as he approached. There was a light in the library. Who was in there, he wondered. The room was on the first floor so Haveridge looked beneath one of the nearly drawn blinds of one window into the room. Mr. Clemency was seemingly the only occupant of the room. A book was open before him but he seemed to be thinking instead of reading. He was seated before the fireplace at the far end of the large room, at some distance from the farthest window. Ralph wondered if he could possibly get in without attracting the man's attention. What if the window were fastened for the night? Chance favored him, however, for the window was already partly open. As noiselessly as possible, he raised the window, keeping a careful eye on the man at the other end of the room. When he was safely inside, he slipped to the door and bolted it. Then walking swiftly across to Clemency he said easily,

"Good evening, my dear Tom."

Clemency gasped and looked non-plussed.

"Don't get excited, Tom, and look as if you were seeing a ghost," said Haveridge, "though it's certainly no fault of yours that I'm not a ghost, unless perhaps your poor marksmanship."

"I do not understand you," said Clemency coldly, recovering himself.

"Yes, I think you do," retorted Ralph, "If you had stopped to consider, you would have had sense enough to know that I, at least, wouldn't believe that aeroplane story. However, since I'm still here that isn't the most important thing to be discussed. I have a little paper here I would be pleased to have you sign."

"I think I'd better get you back to bed, your mind is wondering," said Clemency.

rising. His voice was calm but Ralph noticed that the hand he started to hold out to him was shaking.

"Sit down, Tom, and I'll explain a few things to aid your memory."

Talking swiftly and concisely Ralph briefly reviewed the incidents which had led to this situation. The other man interrupted a few times but for the most part could do nothing but listen.

"You were always my favorite cousin—and Dad's favorite nephew too, confound you! I made you my confidant from childhood and you knew about as much about our affairs as we did, if not more. Then you got in with a rough set and your allowance wouldn't reach. Things began to look black when you lost so much in that race. You got desperate enough to borrow a little from several different ones. That was easy so you kept on borrowing and then the climax was reached when you couldn't borrow any more. You knew Dad's safe combination so you "borrowed" from him! And then you neatly laid the guilt on me. You had plenty of money so you went to lead a gay life in college under the pretense of becoming a civil engineer."

Dad turned me out and I couldn't find you. About a month ago, I learned where you were and that you were going to spend part of your vacation here. Therefore I came here and hired out as a gardener."

"Where is the point to your little story?" inquired Clemency with attempted sarcasm.

"You are to sign this, as I said before. It is a written confession of your guilt and is to be sent to Dad immediately. You have to sign! See here?" He drew out of his pocket a small revolver with a pearl handle. Clemency leaped for it but Haveridge stepped aside just in time.

"I see you recognize this", he said dryly. "Marie found it near the safe that night and gave it to me, thinking it was mine. I thought nothing of it at that time but later I asked her where she had found it." But by that time you had gone. Now will you sign?"

Clemency did not move.

"You are my cousin, Tom. Because of that and because you used to be my best friend, I am giving you the chance to do this instead of making you face Dad or kill your mother with the publicity of a trial."

Also I will forget about what happened on the hunting trip. You can go tonight, that "called away on business" stuff, you know, and the O'Toole's need never know.

"You are very generous," said Clemency finally, "a good deal more so than I would be under the circumstances but you must believe me when I tell you that I did not intend to kill you in the woods. I only intended to injure you so you would be out of the way until I could help a friend of mine secure the O'Toole's valuable heirlooms. I discovered Bob's old wireless outfit and used that method of signalling to my "pal" in Reilly. I assure you I am not quite so bad as you think. You remember Robinson, don't you? He asked me not long ago to become his partner in that South American scheme of his and I am going to accept this offer and try and make something of myself and I appreciate it more than you will ever know."

After quickly reading the document that Ralph gave him, Clemency signed it and hastily scrawled something else after his name. Then going to the desk, he wrote a note to the O'Tooles which he handed to Ralph.

"Will that do?" he asked. "I think I can catch that 12:20 car if I hurry," he continued, "Goodbye, Ralph. Perhaps we'll meet again. Who knows? For the present, au revoir."

Going to the window he prepared to step out. "You might send my things to Reilly. I'll be there a day or two before leaving with Robinson." Then,—

"I wish you and Cecelia happiness," he added with a queer smile. Seeing Ralph's mystification at his words, he continued, "You see I asked her the all-important question this afternoon and she refused me so you must be the lucky man. Farewell!"

When he was gone, Ralph collapsed into the nearest chair. By determination alone, he saved himself from fainting. He knew he must get back to his room. Could he slip through the halls without being seen? He was afraid he couldn't make it by the window. Carefully he made his way to the door and turning off the light, he started along the hall, to his room. But he had overestimated his strength. Almost to the door, he fell.

It seemed hours later that he awakened in his own room. The nurse was bending over him and someone else was sitting by the bed. It was Cecelia and when she saw his eyes open, she bent forward with a low cry.

"Oh, Ralph, I've been so worried," she cried, then blushing furiously, she drew back.

"Cecelia!" murmured Haveridge, and in the one word he expressed more than might have been said in many. He reached both his arms for her and tried to rise. "Be careful," she warned, "or the nurse will not let me stay any longer."

Ralph leaned back among the pillows but he continued to stare at the girl as if he could not take his eyes away from her sweet face. "Darling," he said at last "there is much to be explained, but can't we leave that until morning. Just now nothing matters except that I love you. Could you learn to love me enough to be my wife some day, Cecelia?"

"I don't need to learn and we'll let the explanations wait," whispered the girl.

(The end)

RIPPLES

Sweater, sweater, sweaters
Sweaters all the rage
Purple sweaters, yellow sweaters
Colors would fill this page.

Agnes had a pink sweater
Kathryn has one too.
June Carroll has a yellow one
And Ev's is peacock blue.

I 'spect the boys are jealous
Cause they don't make their's that way
But what's the use of worrying,
boys
The fad will change some day.

Dale Stoddard (in Biology) "Is it true that if you eat fat it will make your hair curly?"

* Teddy doesn't want to marry Miss Rayburn because she would make him give the hypothesis and conclusion of every meal before she'd let him eat.

LEAP YEAR STORIES

A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL

Cynthia had been waiting a long time, yes it had been a very long time, at least so it seemed to her. Was he never going to ask her the question that she did so want him to ask her. Yes! she wanted him to ask her that question worse than any other question that she thought a young man would naturally ask a young lady.

No! it didn't look like he was ever going to ask her, because he had been over the night before and all they had talked about was the weather and how nice Jonathan Daly looked in his new Sunday suit. What could she do? She had used all the means by which she thought it possible to bring a man to his knees. Perhaps he wouldn't get down on his knees but he might just sit down on the Davenport (you know a Davenport is much more comfortable than the floor) with her, hold her hand and look into her eyes, and then in that lovely way he had, say,—Well! what would he say? Might be, "Will you help my mother make a quilt?" But that wasn't what was bothering her, it was—How to make her ask him what she wanted him to.

(I beg your pardon, I have not told you who the young lady and young man concerned, are:—She was Cynthia Burns and he was Julius Canterbury. She was 38 and he was 40. She was old-fashioned, so was he. I'm going to leave the rest to your imagination.)

As I said before, Cynthia had used all the means she knew, to bring Julius to ask her the vital question, but so far it had proved to be all a waste of time and patience on her part. But she was not the kind to give a man up as lost, at least not until the charm was gone. So she set her brain to work and tried to think of some way to get her name changed from Burns to Canterbury. She never had liked the name of Burns, but she had always adored long names, and especially Canterbury. Finally she struck upon a happy thought, and a happy thought it was, one in which she was to do all the work, except the accepting. This was the plan: Next Sunday was the first day of the new year, it was the year, 1920, and to 'top' that all off, it

was leap year! The year when the girls had their chance, and Cynthia was one who wouldn't let such a chance slip by, it only came once in four years and her future was in peril. She must take it or be an Old Maid forever.

She laid her plans out very carefully. Julius had asked her to go to the Watch Party at the church Saturday night, of course, it would be the new year when they got home and he would come in,—he always did. Then she would put the question up to him.

At last Saturday night came, bringing with it the loveliest moonlight anyone had seen for months, so Cynthia thought. (Even old maids like a romantic setting and it was certainly given Cynthia in full measure.)

Cynthia seemed very nervous that evening and Julius openly wondered what the matter was. Cynthia merely said that it was so exciting to attend a watch party, when the New Year was to be Leap Year, (she was sure to bring that point in.)

About 11:30 wafers and hot cocoa were served, and by that time, Cynthia was so nervous that it was just by mere luck, that she didn't spill the contents of the cup out in her lap.

As midnight approached, she seemed to be still more nervous, and again Julius asked her if she didn't feel well, and again he received the same answer, with a little more stress on the Leap Year.

Finally the clock struck the hour of midnight. Ten minutes after Cynthia and Julius started the long trudge home thro' the new fallen snow. The moon was under a cloud and Cynthia didn't seem half so romantic as when she started out about four hours before. Maybe it was because Julius was so solemn or was it because the moon had ceased to shine?

When they were within a short distance of her home, Julius suddenly stopped and Cynthia also stopped. He kicked the snow with his left foot and then with his right. It was her turn to ask him what was the matter with him, but she didn't.

Finally with much stuttering and gesticulating he said, "Cynthia, thar is sumthin' I ha' been wantin' to put up to you, but—well,—er, I just haven't. You know I-er-

well-er-I-er-well-you know I have quite a bit saved up and a good home, and it needs someone to oversee it, yes it does, it needs some one to oversee it,—and I been thinkin'-er-well-'Will you have me?' I knowed this is Leap Year, but you see I want you so bad that I just couldn't wait until you asked me. I want your forgiveness, of course."

Cynthia had almost lost her breath, but she finally found enough to say, "Why, I-I, why yes, of course, I'll have you,—wouldn't have no other,—but Julius this is SO sudden."

Then they started on and silence ensued. Finally Cynthia thought it was too silent for such an exciting time, so she said, "Julius, why don't you say something?"

Julius replied in his ever calm manner, "I been thinkin' there ha' been too much said already."

And they lived happily ever after, but whenever a Leap Year comes, Cynthia sort of regretted that she didn't get to do the askin'.

—Mary Reed '21.

A FOUR-SQUARE ROMANCE

"Dear friends, I hope you will begin the New Year right," said Reverend Johnson on the Sunday before New Years, nineteen hundred and twenty.

A small girl possibly seven years of age with long black curls and sparkling eyes, turned an audacious gaze upon a small boy who sat three rows behind her.

The little lad, who did not possess the art of self-control dropped his long yellow lashes and blushed.

"Hey, Bobbie. Fraidy! !" whispered Janie, daringly.

Boby could scarcely endure being called a "fraidy" by Janie at least.

After the service Janie's aunt who was slightly hard of hearing, led Janie out of the church and home, without her being able to torment Bobbie any longer.

As soon as Janie and her aunt reached home Janie began to question her after this fashion.

"Aunt 'Liza, is 1920 Leap Year?"

"Yes, Janie."

"Well, what's Leap Year?"

"A year in which there are three hundred

and sixty-six days," answered Aunt Eliza to the best of her ability.

"What good is it?"

"It's a Godsend to bashful young men," answered Aunt Eliza.

Janie, not finding this a satisfactory definition for so popular a subject, proceeded to "go ask Aunt Margaret." Now Aunt Margaret was a young lady about nineteen years of age who "ought to know."

As soon as possible, Janie ran down the street to a big white house, where she ran in without knocking, and up-stairs to find Aunt Margaret whom she was sure would be reading a novel and nibbling chocolates.

Margaret greeted her with "Run away, dear."

"I'm not dear, and 'sides, I wan 'a know something."

"Well, what is it?" sighed Aunt Margaret.

"What's Leap Year?"

Margaret, wishing to rid herself of the nuisance said, "It's a year when girls propose instead of boys."

This was not a new word to Janie, for she had often heard Aunt Margaret recount her proposals. So she abruptly said, "You gon'na?"

"No."

"Well! I am."

Margaret smiled and turned another page.

Janie turned and went down stairs, (or rather, I should say slid down the banisters.)

That evening she strolled by Margaret's home and met one of Margaret's young men.

"Oh, Mr. Bartlett."

"Bless my soul. It's Janie."

"Course it is. But say, Mr. Bartlett," she called to the fast disappearing young man.

"Yes, my dear."

"Will you marry me?"

Mr. Bartlett, in all sincerity, replied, "I'll certainly consider it," and smilingly went on.

In a short time Janie met another "young man," and immediately put the same question to him.

Things went on in this way for about a week, Janie "proposing" to nearly every young man, or boy she met.

On the Sunday evening after New Year's day, Margaret was trying to entertain a parlor full of young men, when one of them

feeling that his proposal had been treated lightly, remarked.

"Miss Margaret, are you trying to make fun of me?"

"Certainly not, why should you think so?" asked Margaret in surprise.

"I met your little niece one day this week and she came tauntingly along and said, 'Will you marry me?'"

Margaret laughed, whereupon a chorus of young voices exclaimed, "Why she said the same thing to me."

Margaret was quite angry, but she managed to laugh with the others.

Soon she and Mr. Bartlett went into the library to search for a book of poems. Upon hearing a queer noise, they crept over to the fire place, and looked over the back of a huge fireside chair, and there, fast asleep, with their arms around each other, sat Janie and Bobbie.

The children both woke with a start, and seeing who it was, Janie said, "Bobbie and I are gon'na get married. Are you?"

Margaret and Mr. Bartlett looked at each other with a knowing light in their eyes, as Janie and Bobbie slipped from the room.

—Ada Robinson '21.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM TRANSLATED BY A JUNIOR

The second floor corridor is my terror, it maketh me weak,

It maketh me to fall down in horror,

It leadeth me to a still grave,

It overtaketh my soul,

It guideth me straight into the study hall for dear life,

Yea, tho' I walk thru the corridor of death, I shall fear no evil, except one,

Thy pencil and thy paper, they jot me down,

Thou hast prepared me for a seige with mine enemies,

Thou hast annointed my head with stares, my heart boileth over.

Surely horror and submission shall follow me all the days of my life.

And for my wrongs, I shall dwell in the second floor corridor forever.

Amen.

People who put signs on the board do not know how to spell.

WOMEN AND WIRELESS INSTRUMENTS

If your girl talks too long,

—Interrupter.

If she is willing to come half way,

—Meter.

If she will come all the way,

—Receiver.

If she wants to be an angel,

—Transformer.

If she isn't faithful,

—Detector.

If she goes up in the air,

—Condenser.

If she sings wrong,

—Tuner.

If she is away from home,

—Telegrapher.

If she bakes poor bread,

—Discharger.

If her dress unhooks,

—Connector.

If she eats too much,

—Regulator.

If she gossips too much,

—Reducer.

If she fumes and sputters,

—Insulator.

By L. S. '22.

A Fish Story

Mr. Alexander Smith, so it is said, was fishing one day, and while cleaning the fish he detected a peculiar sound in the gill. His curiosity got the best of him and on cutting the gill open, to his surprise he found a gold watch ticking away. He opened the watch and in the back of it found a man's name. Through inquiry he found that this certain man had been there several years ago and now lived in Oklahoma. Mr. Smith wishing to get the watch back to the owner wrote to him and soon received the answer: "Yes, I lost my watch in the lake one day when I was fishing six years ago."

The mystery of the watch still ticking is solved in that the motion of the fish in breathing thru the gill kept the watch continually wound.

Miss Prentice: "Where do we usually find Roman numerals used?"

Arnold: "In Rome."

Miss Prentice: "I never saw them there but you may some day."

STUDENT OPINION

THE QUARTERLY SYSTEM

Is the quarterly system of registration and conduction of school affairs through the entire year to be desired by the pupils of Ames High School?

This is a highly interesting question to many students in the High Schools of today. The crux of this matter is the question of whether vacation in the summer to the average student is more profitable than school work, and whether the difficulties incurred in registration are not poor economy.

Let us consider the last part first. A great many colleges have adopted the four section year. The students are re-registered every three months and school is continuous the entire year. A number, rather startling, of High Schools have adopted the same system. One of the chief faults to be found in this change is that the student is almost at all times involved in the process of registration or in the preparation for, and work of, examinations. It is rather inefficient as regards to the students' working powers, and is apt to cut down on his mental attitude toward his studies.

On the other hand the student who is ambitious, is enabled to go through college with greater speed. He does four years' work in three! Here is the second side of the question as mentioned above. In the summer the average student is either occupied in some line of work or he is resting and re-creating himself for coming labors.

It has been demonstrated elsewhere that the earlier a boy or girl gets started in business after he has acquired an education, so much to the good for him. The party overcomes the hard knocks of business at the most virile time and then is able to take things easier later on, when he is not so active. Now, with the four-quarter system, an ambitious student can get the earlier start

in life, but on the other hand it is a much greater mental strain and nervous exertion than when he has a three months' mental rest during the hot summer.

On the whole, we think that the semester plan as carried out now, with its re-creation in summer and absence of confusion is more desirable. Do we not?

WHERE DOES MY COAT BELONG?

What's the matter with our supervisors of the rest room? During the past couple of weeks there have been enough coats, hats, and books left in the room to have bought a new mirror—(more or less).

Of course, it's true that the supervisors do get an awful—you know—when they hand in a stray garment but don't the sinners know they aren't to leave superfluous property around in public places? If they don't they should. And besides just look what those nickles and dimes will buy for our rest room. Nice new curtains and maybe a new cot cover.

Everybody either keep your coats, hats and books in your lockers or be willing to pay the fines without murderously attacking the innocent, duty-fulfilling girl in charge with a torrent of ding dings.

STUDENT OPINION

America is a free country, and Ames High School is a free school. Yes, I know just what you are thinking about when you read that statement; undoubtedly of the numerous times you have been told not to do so and so because it was against the rules. But rules are necessary. In the best, civilized, organized land there are rules and laws. They are not made to deprive you of your freedom but to give you freedom of peace and happiness. What a country without laws or order would be we can imagine, in a small way, when we read

about some of the riots we have had in our cities. These out-breaks and mob rule are results of disregarded laws.

It is very evident that some of the students in Ames High School favor this form of action. It sounds absurd but it is true. There are pupils in this school who have broken and are breaking a state law as well as the pledge they made to their beloved Alma Mater. The law is section 2132 a Code of Iowa and the pledge is the card they signed at classification time.

Perhaps they don't approve of the law? But is that any sign they should break it? How long would liberty, freedom and happiness last if everybody kept the laws they "took a notion to," and disregarded all the rest. Furthermore if there is any High School student who believes he knows more than the legislature at Des Moines, about what our laws should be we wish he would announce the fact so that the rest of us might appreciate him more.

The legislature doesn't usually do things without reasons. Secret societies in any High School are very undemocratic and do a great deal toward breaking down school spirit. If you are not loyal to the rules of your school you are not loyal to the school itself, or to your classmates. These organizations have a strong tendency of forming cliques and snobbishness and the feeling, "that I'm just a little bit better than the other fellow." There are enough school organizations in Ames High that should have the co-operation of all the students and would have if it were not for the spirit of 'trying to do something and get by with it' that so many of our students have.

You may argue that they have them in college. Of course they do but that is different. In college the majority of students are away from home. They need the home-like spirit, and the best substitute for this is the Sorority and Fraternity house where they may feel at home and not be shut up in one little room. In High School the most of us have our own home to enjoy and our own family to make us happy. Why should we seek to be undemocratic; to disregard laws and pledges and to encourage others to do so. It seems to me that if the students in a town like Ames can not find

enough school organizations to belong to that would tend to make them better citizens, enough class and church organizations to have a good time at and enough studies and home work to keep the rest of their time and thoughts occupied, that there is something seriously wrong with their mechanism.

I would be glad to hear, through the columns of the Spirit, the opinions of others on either side of this question. I feel that this is the best way to shake this question to the bottom and show those who can not or will not see for themselves, what a menace these organizations are to our High School.

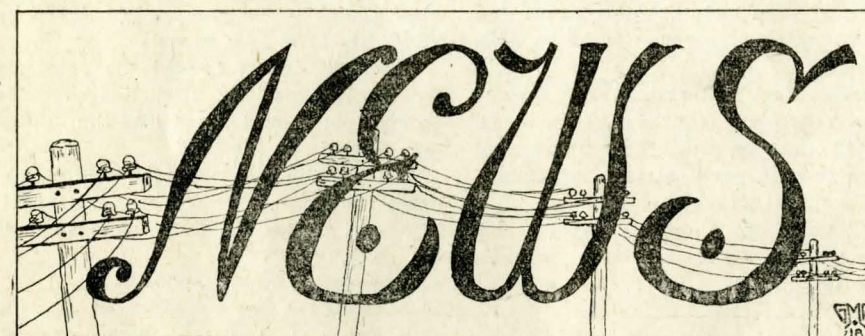
YOU MAKE THIS H. S. BETTER — OR WORSE

The Spirit does need help and deserves help if only "the few" would help. There are quite a few things that could be changed or bettered in this high school. We have had the "Rep" of being one of the best high schools and we want to keep this up by letting outsiders talk well instead of badly of us. One of the things that has been getting worse every day and no one can tell when and how it will end, is that a few of the Senior girls are standing around in the lower hall, leaning on "human leaning posts." They have not gotten the poor little freshman girls started. Instead of setting an example, they make it worse. If the girls only knew how it looked and how people that come in think of it, I do believe they would stop.

How to Make Good Kisses.

To one piece of dark piazza and a little moonlight take for granted two people. Press in two strong hands. A small one. Sift slightly. Add 2 ounces of romance, add a large measure of folly, stir in a floating ruffle. Add one ounce of two whispers, dissolve half a dozen glances in a well of silence. Dust in a small gesture of hesitation, 1 ounce of resistance, 2 ounces of yielding. Place the kisses on a flushed cheek or two lips. Flavor well with a slight scream, set aside to cool. This will succeed in any climate if directions are followed.

N. B. This recipe was written and tested out by Dorothy Dragoun.



SCHOOL NOTES

Camilla Sorenson spent the week end of January 23 in Story City.

Ralph Mayo was sick the week end.

It's queer how Frank Kulow makes two dates and can't keep them both.

Miss Rayburn's pets are sure lucky when it comes to a basket ball game, to get to sit in the janitor's room.

Ruth Miller was out of school last week on account of illness.

Margaret Ringheim and Clarice Ambrose of Nevada visited Wednesday, January 21, with Marian Smith.

Myrna Gray spent Friday and Saturday, January 23 and 24 in Des Moines but was called home Sunday because of the illness of Doris with the "flu."

Mildred Ghrist was out of school last week because of sickness.

Dorothy Smith spent Sunday, January 25, with Marybelle Cure.

Marian Smith and Mildred Gernes spent Tuesday, January 27, in Des Moines

Ferne and Faune Weeks of Indianola, who are students at Simpson, spent the week end with Ila and Lyla French. While here, they attended the Simpson game.

Miss Tenney was absent last week because of illness.

Mrs. Smith taught typewriting and shorthand last week during the absence of Miss Curtiss and Miss Boyd who were both ill.

Mr. Steffey was ill last week with the influenza.

The biology classes did not recite last week because Miss Harper was ill and it was impossible to secure another teacher.

Lillian Sorenson from Colorado has entered Ames High as a Sophomore.

Ruth Johnson was absent from school several days last week on account of illness.

Ward Clark has been absent several days on account of the family being quarantined.

Margaret Cleghorn was on the sick list Wednesday, January 28.

THE GREAT MYSTERY IS SOLVED.

Now we know why Pecky has been walking around the halls like he had lost his last friend. Helen Cupps has the "flu."

Of course you all know Dale Stoddard is rather bashful and one day in 1st period Civics class Miss Britton asked if he was in the 2nd period English class. Dale got fussed and said, "Why, why, I were."

Norman Graves was ill with the flu last week.

Mildred Person was absent from school one day last week as the result of a bad cold.

If Mike Morris were sick would Marybelle Cure?

Some other High School pupils who have been sick with the "flu" are Blanche Belknap, Paul and Earl Downey, Melvina Allen, and Carvel Caine.

Viola Rahe and Hollyce Wallick spent Friday evening at Boone where they attended the Boone dance in the Armory.

SOCIETY NEWS

Miss Helen Welty of Nevada entertained Mildred Gernes and Marion Smith at dinner Friday, January 23.

The eSrago Campfire girls are planning to spend a delightful evening at the home of Mildred Persons Monday, February 2.

The Unaliyi Campfire girls had a Leap Year party at the home of Helen Rogers January 22. Each girl invited a boy, of course, for it wouldn't have been a real leap

year party if they hadn't. Miss Jones and Mr. Kenney were chaperoned home by Elizabeth Hawley.

Margaret Macy entertained her friends at a Leap Year party Thursday, January 22.

Herman Cole entertained a number of girls at a theatre party at the "American" Wednesday night, November 28.

The Tatapochon Campfire held their weekly meeting with Miss Britton in Room 101 on November 28.

"SPIRIT"

!! CARNIVAL !!

Further arrangements are being made for the choosing of the Carnival Queen and everyone is working hard toward making it even a bigger success than last year. Each class will have their stunts as in previous years. "Ted" is working hard on the vaudeville and the Seniors will present a musical comedy. The money will be divided up between the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., "Spirit" and a movie machine.

The Carnival will be held Friday, the 27th, but because of the "flu" it may be necessary to postpone it. However, if school isn't shut down, it will be held on the date announced.

HOBOING IN NORWAY

If some of the absent members of A. H. S. had looked in the window of the depot at Story City Friday, January 30th, anywhere from ten bells to three-thirty in the morning they certainly would have been shocked.

Sitting on the upturned coal-pail, with his head resting in "Bud" Coe's lap, Aubrey Smart slept peacefully. On the scales sat "Bob" very gracefully entwined around his suitcase. Oh, how comfortable "Dutch" looked with his weary little head resting against the back of the soft hardwood seats. He slept very peacefully all the while. Joe was so touched at Dutch's so well filling a Mellin's food advertisement, that he remarked in a shrill staccato tone: "Ah, Mrs. Griffith's little boy is in bed." Oh, how handsome Norman looked sprawled on the floor with his basket ball clothes for a bed, and his suitcase for his head. We all thot it positively horrid of Joe's taking advantage of Norman's having to play, and taking blue-

eyed Elsie to the game. We never knew "Ruf" liked red hair so well.

"Shorty" Mattox looked too comfortable for words especially after Les so tenderly tucked him in and cooed him the lullaby "I love to skate on the ice."

At 11:07 the depot agent gently broke the news that the train was 1 1-2 hours late. Then we all decided to go to sleep and we did (n't).

Everyone was especially shocked at one tow-headed lad and a black eyed lass. Very calmly they slept sitting side by side. Soon the boy's head began to gently sway northward. Finally it rested upon her shoulder. The maiden then boldly dropped her head upon his manly back, and so—they slept. Whether this was premeditated or accidental we still wonder. If "Ick" had seen them there—well poor Alice Wilcox would have felt for Les even if she couldn't have reached him.

The reference (altho we had no further use for him) lay on the floor comfortably squeezed between the suitcase and "Bob"—we never realized before how wide a man could open his mouth.

Eli peacefully slept on Roy's lap dreaming of his friend Moose whom he longed to clasp once more in an (un)friendly embrace.

About a quarter of one the depot agent summoned up courage to tell us the train would be there in three hours and a quarter. "Oh, death, where is thy sting!" At this time we noticed "Fat" and "String" were missing. "Oh where, oh where, had our little boys gone." For the good of all concerned we hoped they went to the hotel.

Words were thrown thick and fast into the air, being occasionally blocked by the ball. Everyone began to get grouchy and funny. Words like these were foremost:

"Oh gosh, kill me while you're at it."

"I'd give a dollar for a bed."

"Get that foot out of my mouth."

"Your legs are choking me."

"Wow, you're no perfect 36, get off."

"Wake up, goodmorning."

"Breakfast—Adam and Eve on a raft, Cackles once over."

"Isn't he cunning?"

"If his mama could only see him now."

All the while Les was singing, which sounded like the lost chord. Dunlap's main

idea was to make us miserable, and oh, how he fired that stove when it was already too hot with about 70 crowded into that small waiting room.

About half past three Joe, Ruf, and Dunlap came running in and yelled "We hear it coming" Talk about excitement and hurrying. We one-stepped to the door, fox trotted outside, and shimmied on the platform waiting for the train to pull up.

At four we reached our own—our native town, at five I believe all of us were dreaming dreams: Ruf of red hair, Joe of big blue eyes, Scoop—how to get even with Joe, Scovel of dear Moose, Les of a mass of brown hair on his shoulder.

Considering the score n'everything it wasn't half bad—maybe some day we'll all go back and take a swim at Comar. We came to the conclusion that A. H. S. has a bunch of good-natured people in it, and if we were marooned on an island, it wouldn't be so worse—because it couldn't be any worse than our wait in Norway's depot.

Classified Section

Anyone having anything to buy or sell, or any personals to be published, please hand them in right away.

Found—That men who chew.

Are men who do—Fat T.

Found—Two 1911 penies. Owner may have same by calling at Mr. Bodwell's office and paying for this "ad."

Found—That school is very tiresome and that lessons are too hard.

—Everyone.

Found—That the second floor corridor is no place for conversation nor business of any sort.—Sufferers who happen along the corridor.

Found—A piece of pickle on the floor near south door of Study Hall. Will owner please call at office for same as there is no cold storage plant in which to preserve it.

Lost — Small boy, brown eyes and brown hair. Answers to the names of Arnold or Fat.—Ted Kooser.

Wanted—To know what kind of a drink it is that is called Cotton Gin. —Joe Bolshevik.

Wanted—A full orchestra for noon dances. —The girls.

Wanted—A girl. Good looking one preferred.—Earl Rayness.

Wanted—Someone that will help us with our algebra and not tell Miss Prentice.—Algebra Students.

Wanted—Everlasting vacation.—Us.

Wanted—More time.—Pupils of the Public Speaking Class.

Wanted—More dates. Please come early and avoid the rush.—Emily Mellor.

THOSE FRESHMEN

Now dear friends of A. H. S.
Please tell us what you'd do,
Without the little Freshmen,
That come, each year, to you?

They wander sadly through the halls,
And to their classmates prate,
"I wonder who that teacher is"
And "Do you 'spose we're late?"

They annoy upper classmen
With remarks, such as these,
"Could you tell me where my room is?"
And "Will you excuse me please?"

Some tread—(not gently) on our toes,
And never glance behind,
But go right on, with daily race,
Against the passing time.

But when it comes to knowledge
We'll admit they have us "beat."
For who's smarter than a freshman,
'Specially when 'I'm sure this is my seat.'

The upper classmen would be blue
If the Preps would go away,
So we must just forgive them,
They'll be Sophs some day.

—A. R.

"Who gave ye th' black eye, Juicy?"
"Nobody give it t' me; I had t' fight fer it."

A visitor, (looking over the classes)
"My, what handsome Seniors!
Goodness, bright looking Juniors, too.
Yes, these Sophomores will be big some day,
—and oh, my, what a cute little flock of
lambs you have! Where on earth did you
get them?"

Organizations

DEBATE

Ames at Ireton

The train started at promptly at 5:40 on Friday morning. We were all there, altho Miss Hiller looked real sleepy but she said she wanted some excitement.

She got it!!!

We ate breakfast at Eagle Grove and then Miss Hiller told us a story and we worked on debate awhile. Anson was so in the mood of making trite remarks that Miss Hiller had to re-state the three things he was forbidden to do on the trip.

We arrived at Ireton at about 1:45 p. m. and were met by two of the boys and taken to the schoolhouse in a cor. They were very nice to us and yelled for Ames before they did for their own school. We noticed Basket Ball Debate posters all over town. They were to have both girls and boys basket ball games, with Sioux Center, after the debate.

School was dismissed early and we went to our rooms to make up a little sleep before the debate.

We came back to the school house at about 7:30. Two little primary children sang "Smiles" for us and then the debate started. There were about 250 people there which was a very good crowd considering that there are only about 60 in the High school.

Ireton has the Northwest District Debate Championship for 1919 and they won from us but we gave them a good scrap anyway. They had an advantage over us because their High School gave them a strong backing.

Miss Hiller's old home was not far from Ireton so we decided to wait until the afternoon train in order that she might visit it.

Saturday morning we went to Hawarden to take in the sights. Miss Hiller went out to her old home and saw many of her old

friends. Helene was still talking about that Ireton boy. You might ask her about it.

In our wanderings in the afternoon we started to walk out to the Missouri river which was about half a mile from there, but Alford decided it was too cold to commit suicide so we came back. As usual he supplied us with "prep" remarks until train time.

At four o'clock Saturday afternoon we left Hawarden and started home, arriving at Ames shortly after midnight, so you see we were quite sleepy Sunday.

Altho this finishes the debating season for us this year we hope that Ames will go in strong for it next year. It seems that when a small school like Roland or Ireton can have as many and more in the tryouts than Ames High, there is something wrong. Those who stayed in until the finish received a great benefit and pleasure for their work. Make up your mind to go in for it next year and stick to it to the finish.

DID YOU KNOW

that approximately only 10 percent of the boys in Ames High School are backing the Hi 'Y' Club? Why is it? What is the matter with us anyway? Don't we know a good thing when we see it?

There are innumerable ways of looking at the matter. Here is one:—We all back Athletics. We do it because they are interesting and good for us. If we can't play on the teams we are on the side lines yelling our heads off. It is all well and good that we should back Athletics—but here is another organization in the school that equally deserves your backing. It is the Hi 'Y'.

Have we ever stopped to think that a man in order to be a "whole man" must be developed in four ways; Physically, Mentally, Spiritually, and Socially. Well, when we go out for Athletics we are developing just

one fourth of ourselves. The studies in school develop a fourth, and the associations and school affairs also develop a fourth. But still there is one part left untouched. That other part is the main object of the Hi 'Y' (to develop the Spiritual side). Say fellows, are we going to be only half of a man? Some say, "No". Let's all say, "No".

That isn't the only object of the 'Y' tho; it includes in its program all of those four points. It has a big job and needs all the encouragement and backing that we could possibly give it.

Here is another way of looking at this matter. Some day when we get through High School and College we are going to want a job. We will want a job someplace with a chance for advancement, with responsibility and with good pay. Perhaps that job will be in a bank or with a large corporation. When we apply we will be asked for references. Well, as we are just starting out we will have to refer them to men back home or some of our school teachers. The man to whom you apply is going to write to those men and teachers and ask questions we hadn't expected. Perhaps it will be a sort of a questionnaire with questions in it something like this:—"Was the applicant out for athletics in your school? Was he a willing worker? Was he loyal? Did he have enthusiasm? Was he a leader? Did he go to Sunday School, to Church, or Y. M. C. A.?" That old school teacher is going to give you a square deal. He will answer the questions. When he comes to the last one (Did he go to Sunday school, Church, or Y. M. C. A.?) he will answer "No, not to to speak of." Well, the chances are we won't get the job. The man may tell us why. He will say, "Well, it is just this way, I want a man with a very high character for this job. A man with a character built on a solid foundation. He must have started when he was a boy to build that character. Right here, fellows, is where we had better begin to wake up. We do not wish to be caught. The Hi 'Y' wants to help us build our characters, so let's give them a chance.

Let's look the matter squarely in the face fellows, and decide why we haven't been backing the 'Y'. Isn't it just this, it is not

quite the popular thing to go to the meetings and stand back of the fellows who are promoting the organization? Are we afraid of being laughed at? Let us hope not. Don't a lot of us regard the fellow that goes to Sunday school and 'Y' and who is doing his best to be of service to others as sort of 'sissies' or 'Sunday School Boys' as we sometimes say. But it is an unfair lie. The fellow who goes to Sunday school and 'Y' and is doing his best to accomplish something and be of service to others is ten times the man a star athlete only or one of us would-be toughs are.

Let's put our school on the map as being the cleanest school of all. We owe it to the school, the community, the world, and ourselves. Let's pay the debt, fellows. We can start by going to the meetings.

MUSICAL

A Grand and Glorious SUCCESS

The Musical given in the High School Auditorium Wednesday evening, January 21, 1920, under the direction of Mr. Stoddard was a great success from every standpoint.

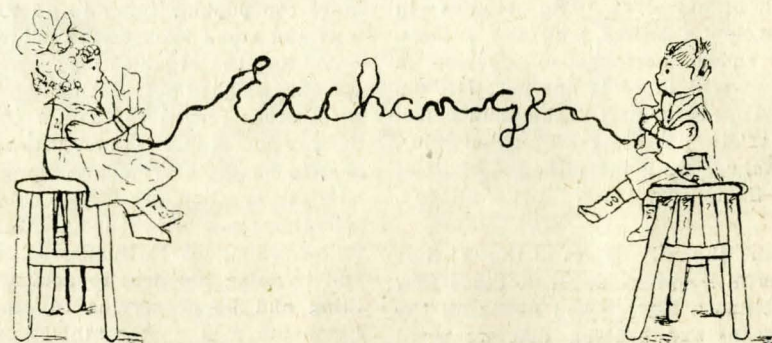
All students in the Ames public schools taking music under Mr. Stoddard, were represented, from the little first graders to the dignified seniors. Because of sickness and other various reasons the full 600 students were not present, but there were enough to show the community what is being done in the way of chorus, band, and orchestra.

The auditorium was literally "packed". Even little June Miller had to sit on the steps. An admission of fifteen cents and twenty-five cents was charged, bringing in nearly \$140.00. This money goes into the music fund and is to be used by Mr. Bodwell for music work as he sees fit.

Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the evening. It not only entertained but also demonstrated the talent we have in our own community, and what Mr. Stoddard is doing for our children who are fortunate enough to be under his direction.

A Hebrew Prayer:

"Oh, Lord give us this day something for nothing so we can sell it and make a profit."—Dairy Farm News.



"HERE AND THERE"

The list of exchanges has increased quite rapidly. "The Spirit" now has many fine papers to refer to and many of the surrounding High Schools in, and outside the state, have an idea of the publication of Ames High School.

Some of the publications, the most prominent and useful, are the following:

"The Echo", Luverne, Minn. You have a fine, newsy, educating paper. We wish you success in your work.

"The Echo", Fairmont, Minn. Three copies of this "Echo" have been received and are very excellent papers.

"Simpsonian", Indianola, Ia. Up to its old standard.

"Pebbles", Marshalltown, Ia. A fine, interesting magazine.

"Dart", Ashtabula, Ohio. One of the best papers in evidence so far. You do fine work.

"Newtonian", Newton, Iowa. A paper worth studying.

"Little Dodger", Fort Dodge, Iowa. A very excellent, instructive, newsy publication. Ames remembers you well.

"Bumble B", Boone, Iowa. An artistic and interesting magazine. However, we have a bit to say. We advise that you do not allow your school "spirit" to show in your publications. We don't see the point of slandering a patriotic effort.

"Torch", Doylestown, Pa. Your paper is very interesting. We appreciate your exchange.

"Railsplitter", Lincoln, Ill. A mighty fine paper. Please continue your exchange.

"Tatler", West Des Moines. A most worthy work of art and journalism. Your exchange is to be greatly desired.

"Otaknam", Mankato, Minn. A lively, fine paper.

Philo Phonograph", Sac City, Ia. Shows a fine knowledge of journalism. A good paper to use as an example.

"The Spectator", Waterloo (West), Ia. Of the best.

"Elgin Mirror", Elgin, Ill. Your paper is fine as a news carrier and organ for the High School.

"Clintonian", Clinton, Ia. We would like to hear more from you, Clinton. We appreciate your paper.

"F. H. S. Vacuum", Fairfield, Iowa. One of the liveliest, most interesting papers we have. Mighty fine for a small city.

There are many other papers of equal merit. We can learn things from all of them. The exchange is a mighty fine institution in a school paper because of its possibilities for the improvement of a publication.

Again, pupils of Ames High, we remind you that the exchanges received from other schools can be found in the outside office. Read them. They are both interesting and instructive.

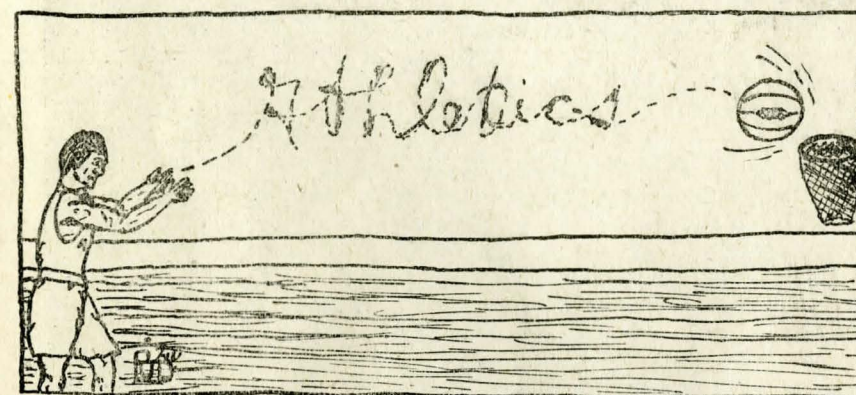
To the high schools we touch: We wish you success in the coming year.

Faults

Women's faults are many
Men have only two—
Everything they say
And everything they do.

Prep(inCivics) "I heard that the more you studied the lower grades you got."

Little boy across the aisle: "Huh, you must'a studied awful hard."



BASKETBALL REVIEW

AMES TOSSERS SQUASH NEVADA FIVE

Oh boy, what a fight—but we got by fine, didn't we, with a victory of 30-17? Did you take notice how we did our shooting when we got started. Oh boy! We are putting the cart before the horse—so let's start over again.

Wasn't that some tussel? Neither team could cage a basket from any distance until Corneliussen began to feel lucky and dropped the ball thru the right hole—didn't it seem that the basket moved clean away when the ball was shot at it, and when Boller shot that long basket where were our hearts until Les and Elliot had time to toss its mate? But it was really a good game though, wasn't it? Well matched teams 'n everything. But our boys had to get rough once in awhile and the umpire had to give the Nevadians free throws, most of which were successful—not!

Say, men, when they came near Scovel, didn't he send them a ways? But it really looked serious until the last half when our boys came back with the old zip, didn't it? But even then it kept us guessing.

And if it hadn't been for the excellent floor work of our team we wouldn't have come home with the same song on our tongues. But our team did show excellent floor work and we did come home with nine "rahs" for the team.

Thompson's coaching and the stiff practice games our aggregation had been put through sure showed up remarkably well in this game. Every player showed the most

consistent playing that he had this season. Hoon's ability at handling the ball along with his "side-kicker" Elliot put the on-lookers on their toes. Nevada's hopes for a bright season must have been somewhat smothered after that night's battle and also we see that their kindling wood remained unburned. However, we suppose that a good game is in stall for us when Nevada comes back at us with the large representation and pep that we took over there.

Line-up and Summary.

Ames		Nevada
Pennett	RF	Banks
Les Hoon	LF	McCord
Corneliussen	C	Smith
Scovel	LG	A. Kress
Elliot	RG	Boller

Substitutions: Ames, Smart for Bennett, Gore for Smart; Nevada, Finn for Smith.

Field goals: Ames, Bennett 2, L. Hoon 3, Corneliussen 2, Elliot 5; Nevada, Boller, Finne 3.

Free tosses: Ames, Elliot 6; Nevada, Boller 7, McCord 2.

Umpire: Stahl of Drake.

GIRLS MEET DEFEAT AT NEVADA

Altho we basket ball girls got beaten—slightly—at Nevada January 23, we do not regret having gone for we all had a good time. We were very sorry that two of our best players, Blanche Belknap and Ruth Walker were unable to play, but we had some good substitutes to put in their places and we started out for Nevada with high hopes and much excitement. Getting stuck in snow drifts only added to the fun and we



OUR CHAMPIONSHIP FOOTBALL SQUAD

Top row: left to right, L. Hoon, Corneliusson, Brooks, Fitch, Carey, Thornburg, Carter. Middle row: Dunlap, Kinkaid, Van Epps, Carberry, Coe, Gore, Posegate, Jackson. Lower row: Corbin, Bennett, Elliot, Coach Thompson, Captain Anderson, Griffith, R. Hoon, Scovel. Below: Meyers, Smart.

finally reached our destination. The Nevada girls were very anxious to begin playing and we were soon on the floor.

The line-up was:

Irene Dewey—Jumping center.
Jeannette Kheul—Side center.
Ruth Confare—Forward.
Joan Parsons—Forward.
Kathryn Smutz—Guard.
Josephine Maronie—Guard.

We are not saying anything about the Nevada team—altho we have our own opinion—it is enough to say that the score stood 32 to 4 in favor of Nevada at the end of the game. I don't think any of us felt very badly about our defeat for we knew all the time that we were going to get beat. Now we are looking forward to the time when we can play them on our own floor and we think that they will "be surprised".

CYCLONES ROMP JEFFERSON

Despite the fact that our team had a tough scrap with Nevada Friday evening, they were able to marshall their forces and clean Jefferson the next afternoon, with a score of 23-14. Jefferson likewise won a game the night before, thus making it some what easier for our team to win.

In three plays, Elliott had caged a basket then another—and Jefferson made one. Hoon did his part as did all the rest of the team and Scovel destroyed Jefferson's teamwork many times when it would have resulted in another basket for them had he let them alone. Contrary to the luck in the game with Nevada, Elliott had unusually good luck in connecting with the basket and at times it seemed that the basket would leap right out and catch the ball on some of his long shots.

During the first few minutes of play Ames piled up 15 points; Jefferson 3. Tho the westerners played a close guarding game, they were unable to help the local forwards and right guard from dropping the ball thru the hoop while guards Elliot and Scovel proved effectual stops for Jefferson's forwards. The Jefferson team fought to the end but their poor team work and inability to place baskets spelled defeat for them. Not once after Ames had piled up 4 field goals did the game look serious for us.

The game was not very well attended,

owing to the game at Nevada the night before and the great drain on the finances of many caused by the trip.

Line up and Summary

Ames		Jefferson
Bennett	RF	Schoppe
Hoon	LF	Younge
Corneliusson	C	F. Schoffer
Scovel	LG	R. Smille
Elliot	RG	Jen Kense

Substitutions: Ames, Smart for Bennett, Gore for Elliot, Armstrong for Hoon; Jefferson, J. Shaffer for Young.

Field goals: Ames, Bennett 1, L. Hoon 3, Corneliusson 1, Elliott 5; Jefferson, Young, Schoppe, Jen Kens 2.

Free tosses: Ames, Hoon 1; Jefferson, J. Shaffer 2, Young 3, Schoppe 1.

Umpire: Harper of I. S. C.

AMES HIGH BEATS STORY CITIANS

Local Five Outplay Their Opponents and Pile Up Score 29-9.

By the Editor.

Out playing the Story City team in all stakes of the contest, our players decisively downed them for the second time this season. Due to the fact that the floor was strange, small, and the ceilings were low, the players did not get a very good start but soon got acquainted with their surroundings and rang up a few. Elliot was there with his keen eye for baskets and Scovel with the old "punch." Both teams suffered heavily throughout the game from penalties. Story City failed to gain a field goal in the first half and held down the small end of the score 12 to 2 when the half ended.

In the second half the Story City quintet put on an additional burst of speed which was in vain. Inability to register the ball and to make clean passes lost the game for them. Corneliusson, center for the locals, was responsible for a large majority of the tallies recorded by the winners. Musland of Story City played a fast game, but got out of step when he was hitting his stride the highest, and was asked to leave the game along without our standing guard. However, an equal amount of honor is due the rest of our squad for their floor work. Several substitutions were made for both

teams, Hoon being the only Ames tosser to play the full game. As the game drew to a finish the Story team was allowed to flip a couple of baskets which put their score up to 9 while several free throws and field goals were made by Ames as the Story City defense began to crumble.

Line-up and Summary.

Ames		Story City
Hoon	LF	Hanson
Benett	RF	Sevard
Thornburg	C	Musland
Scovel	LG	Stark
Elliot	RG	Larson

Substitutions: Ames, Smart for Beniett, Corneliussen for Thornburg, Dunlap for Scovel, Tostlebe for Smart, Smart for Elliot, Story City, Overland for Musland, Larson.

Field goals: Ames, Elliot 5, Smart, Corneliussen 3, Tostlebe, Bennett; Story City, Hanson, Overland.

Free throws: Ames, L. Hoon 3; Story City, Musland 4, Larson 1.

LOCAL QUINTET BATTLES COLLEGE FRESHMEN

By the Editor

As a curtain raiser to the Iowa State-Simpson game last Saturday afternoon Thompson's five played the college preps in a speedy game but lost to the tune of 27 to 16. This game was substituted for the Ames-Council Bluffs game which was cancelled by the latter team.

The High School players were in poor shape for this game due to the fact that they had played the night before and had had very little sleep as the train they returned on was four hours late. The Freshmen showed up splendidly, working the ball down the floor with ease and accuracy. The high school players put up a scrap to the finish but failed to bust up easily the team work that their opponents made use of. Benett made a couple of pretty feild goals tipping the ball through the ring at difficult angles. They displayed fine floor work but were often guilty of throwing the ball away. "Pinky" Green of the prep squad made use of varied basket ball tactics and opened the eyes of the players as well as the spectators.

Scovel fought like a demon and kept the score down as well as could be expected.

The Ames team was at a great disadvantage on the big floor and with the more experienced and able players to compete with.

The game, however, has nothing to do with our season's records and may merely be called a practice game. Our line up was as follows: Hoon, L. F.; Bennett, R. F.; Corneliussen, C.; Scovel, L. G.; Elliot, R. G.; Smart was substituted for Bennett and Thornburg for Corneliussen, who shifted to Elliot's position.

AMES LOSES TO BOONE

Inability to Register Baskets Brings Defeat to Local Team.

Boone Hi basket ball team defeated the Ames five in a hard-fought basket ball game on our home floor, by a score of 20-15. The Boone quintet led from the first. Moran tossed in a ringer, Elliot caged two free throws, Moran followed out, then Grant tossed a ringer.

The gym had the largest crowd so far during the season. People were crowded in on all four sides of the gym and balcony. Les Hoon who ruined Boone in football played a great game but seemed unable to meet the hoop. Ames lost their horseshoe or something, for not a member of the team had much luck on either short or long baskets. Moran of Boone was the star for Boone High and had exceptional luck in the caging of long baskets and free throws, while Corneliussen and Hoon starred for Ames in excellent floor work.

For the full tussel the game seemed not cinched, but belonged to anyone who could fight for it. The first round of the clean battle ended with Boone on the slightly heavy end of the score. The Ames quintet came back the second half with the old zip and were able to run up three field goals before Boone could bat an eye. Both teams were in excellent condition, only one substitution being made during the whole game, Green for Thompson who was forced to leave the game, having had his full quota of personal fouls.

The Ames quintet did not lose their old pep once during the whole game, not even at the last when defeat seemed inevitable. With a last spurt during the last half Ames once led by four points but allowed Boone to get thru and again gain an upper hand.

HUMOR

Willie had upset his toy that he got for Christmas.

"Now ain't that a h—of a note!"

Mother: "Willie! Haven't I told you befoee that you should not say aint."

A New Sort of Geography

"How much did Philadelphia Pa?
How much does Cleveland O?
How many eggs could New Orleans La?
Whose grass did Joplin Mo?
What was it made Chicago Ill?
'Twas Washington D. C.
She would Tacoma Wash in spite
Of Baltimore M. D.
You call Minneapolis Minn.
Why not Annapolis Ann?
If you can't tell the reason why
I bet Topeka Kan.
Who was it lent Nashville Tenn?
When he was nearly broke?
Could Noah build a Little Rock Ark.
If he had no Guthrie Ok?
Would Denver Colo. cop because
Ottumwa Ia. dore?
For though my Portland Me. did love
I threw my Portland Ore."

Freddy—(who has eaten his apple) Let's play at Adam and Eve.

Millie—How do you do that?

Fredy—You tempt me to eat your apple and I yield.

Examinations, The Answers.

On Physiology.

Wind is air in a hurry.

The anatomy is divided into three parts. The head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick is devoted chiefly to the bowels of which there are five: a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

Nicotine is so deadly a poison that a drop on the end of a dog's tail would kill a man. Vapor is dried water.

Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

"I shall be tempted to give you a stiff examination."

"Yield not to temptation."

—Ex.

This was a bitter cup to drink but Ames drank it without a word and there was no tussel between halves or after the game as was the result when we defeated Boone on the gridiron.

Line-up and Summary.

Ames-15		Boone-20
Hoon	LF	Moran
Bennett	RF	Thompson
Corneliussen	C	Moore
Scovel	LG	Grant
Elliot	RG	Lamb

Substitutions: Boone, Green for Thompson.

Referee—Harper of Iowa State College.

Field goals: Hoon 3, Corneliussen 1, Elliot 1; Boone, Thompson 8, Moran 1, Grant 1.

Free throws: Elliot 5 and Thompson 3.

LET US YELL

Say folks, don't we want some yells once in awhile at our games? It seems to lots of us that the yelling has been pretty scarce for our peppy Basket ball games. At the Jeferson-Ames game they were an absolute blankety-blank-blank-BLANK! ! !

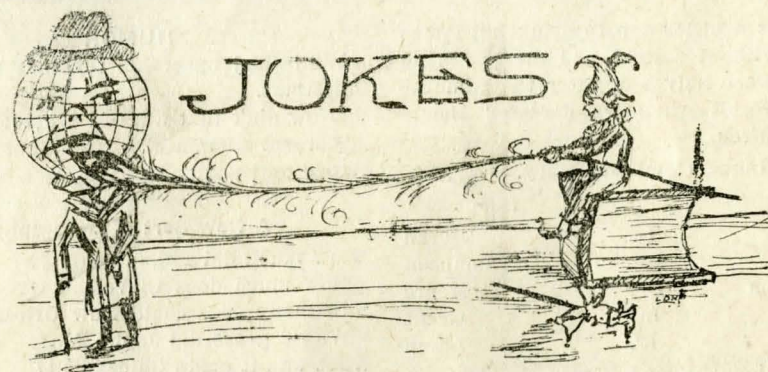
We wonder what the Jefferson bunch thinks of our lack of "pep" in encouraging our snappy team. We can just hear 'em say "Ames is fast in the game, but their yelling is pretty punk!" Awful, ain't it?

The trouble is not a lack of yells, for as my pen is scratching away, I think of at least a dozen good, snappy ones. Some of 'em are old, but what's the diff, they are good and peppy anyhow. We kids are only too glad to rattle 'em off when (?) we get the chance.

As "Bob" says, "The yelling is a big factor in deciding the score." Let's let the team know that we are behind them, and they will fight all the harder. So, come on, let's go!

We can, we can,
We know we can;
We can, we can,
We MUST! !

We can, we can,
We know we can;
We'll give our yells,
Or BUST! !

**"GIGGLE QUICKS"**

Norma in Advanced Arithmetic: "I wish I could change my seat. This one is broken."

Pecky: "Come over and sit with me."

We wonder what Roy B. and Helen C. would say to that.

A Snappy Story

"What became of that greyhound you had around here?"

"Killed himself."

"Really?"

"Yes. He tried to catch a fly on the small of his back and miscalculated. Bit himself in two."

Special Item

Corporal Wilma I. Rayburn believes in Military Discipline in her Latin classes. The only consolation the students have is thinking of how proud they will be their wounds and service stripes next June. At the present writing the Caesar people are hawking for their uniforms.

Emily was giving her talk in English V when she decided to use a man by the name of "John Manners" in her romance.

She gave her thoughts away, however, when she said "John Meyers." Now we wonder if John is the fifth.

He: "Dearest, will you be mine?"

She: "Oh, Yes."

Long, long silence.

She: "Why don't you say something, dear?"

He: "I've said too much already."

SOMETHING TO READ ALOUD

Give he'd! Isle now reel eight a tail
A bout a sir tin buoy,
Who took his gneiss gnu would den slay
Up hill with pried and joy.

A lass, a cross thee rowed bee low
His may den aunt past buy;
The slay flue sighed wise from its coarse
Two bumper inn thee I!

Inn pane she stag gird two her feat,
Disk on soul eight and pail,
And rent the heir with few till sound
Of wiled reap roach full wale.

"Its thyme wee nay boars wood come plane
Of awl thee things ewe dew!
Isle tell ewer pay rents what yew've dun,—
They'll beet ewe black and blew!"

Four an sir he maid pity us plea:
"Fore give, owe theirs a deer!
Weed knot have had this axe eye dent,
If ide scene yew were hear!"

As in a days she herd hymn threw,
"Eye've knot bin fare," she side;
Buoys mused bee buoys, weir all ways
toll'd;
He kneads sum plaice to slide!"

Sew, see sing two reek rim inn eight,
Know mow meant did she waist;
"Sea cure ewer slay! Weal pullet up!"
She cried, and four word paste.

Thee hillsighed then thee to did clime,
As she'd maid upper mined;
"Joust hay sen, deer!" come man dead she,
"Isle holed wright on bee hind!"

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Sitting in school—all is silent,
Supposed to be studying, but cannot,
Because my thoughts are far away,
Remembering things of yesterday.
Then comes my turn to recite
And I try with all my might

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TWICE THE WEAR

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AT

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Ames, Iowa

To remember what my book said,
In shame and regret my face turns red.
And I stammer, my eye-lids flutter,
As I say, "I don't know."
And the teachers just W-O-N'T
understand, too.
They keep saying, "Yes, you do!"

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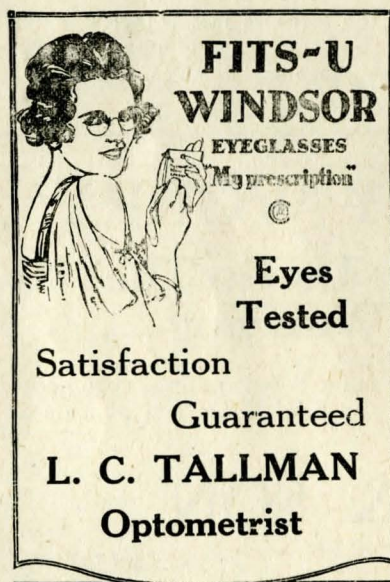
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"Miss Jane, did Moses have the same afterdinner complaint my papa's got?" asked Percy of his governess.

"Gracious me, Percy! Why do you ask, dear?"

"Well, the bible says here that the Lord gave him two tablets."

A girl reading in a paper that fish was an excellent brain food wrote to the editor: "Dear Sir: Seeing as you say how fish is good for the brains, what kind of fish shall I eat?"

"Dear Miss: Judging from the composition of your letter I should advise you to eat a whale."

Teacher: "How many wars had we with England?"

Pupil: "Six."

Teacher: "Name them."

Pupil: "One, two, three, four, five, six."

Juicy Jewell is carrying an expanded right optic. How came Juicy?

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HOWARD ADAMS

In Civics class they were discussing the comparative amount of labor done around home by boys and girls. Dale Stoddard was declaring,

"Aw, girls don't have anything to do at house-cleaning time. We have to beat the rugs and wash windows and—"

"Well, I wish you'd come over and clean house with me!" burst out Grace Stevens.

"Faith, Mrs. O'Hara, how d'ye till them twins apart?"

"Aw, 'tis aisy—I sticks me finger in Dinis's mouth, an' if he bites I know it's Moike."

Miss Tenny: (in Library) "I'm going to take everyman out of here."

Miss Kelley: "Go ahead, I don't want 'em."

What's the matter, Pecky? You didn't keep your football very long.

Dancing's lots of fun at noon,
Awful so;

When you hear the music croon,
Feet go,

Music seems to sway you round
That's true,

Nothing seems so sweet a sound
Oh you

Dancing, dancing, dancing,
It's you I'm fancying.

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 if it were not for the restrictions in the
 hall.

Marion Smith over at Home Ec.
 "Shall we put our bones in the garbage
 can?"

Some Latin to translate
 "Caesar sic decat on decur; guessi lictum."

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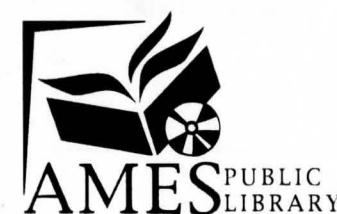
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